

THE QUIVER

Saturday, October 21, 1865.



"So he came to the meeting, saluting Miss Lacy most reverently with a distant bow."—p. 67.

CAPTAIN DILLYMERE'S WATERLOO MEDAL

AMONG the list of the wounded at the battle of Waterloo appeared the name of Ensign Richard Dillymere, of His Majesty's 28th Foot. Early in the day, while with his regiment sustaining the

charge of a body of French chasseurs, he received a bullet in the leg which broke a small bone, and effectually prostrated the standard-bearer of the gallant North Gloucestershires. He was the youngest officer

VOL. I.

of his corps, or, rather, the last gazetted, and, carrying the regimental colours, he thus became, as he always averred in telling the story in after life—which he generally did once a week—"an especial mark for the enemy's artillery." On being hit he was at once borne to the rear, where he fainted from loss of blood, and on being removed to Brussels after the battle, and thence conveyed to Ireland, which was his native land, he gradually recovered from the effects of his wound, save that he was lame for life, the bullet remaining in his leg, and baffling the skill of the surgeon to remove it, or even define its precise locality.

With this obstacle to his again figuring gracefully in a marching regiment, he had nothing for it but to sell his commission, hang up his sword against the wall, and put himself upon the peace establishment, being comforted by the constant vision of a Waterloo medal, which, dangling at his breast, testified to the public the valour of the heart which beat beneath; and further consoled by a small pension granted to him by the Government in consideration of his being disabled for service.

Another matter which acted as a flattering unction to his soul was that, although he never had risen above the grade of an ensign in his regiment, yet his friends, and, indeed, the public at large, now all conspired in conferring on him an honorary promotion, of which the Horse Guards and Army List knew nothing, dubbing him captain in all companies: a species of shadowy brevet which he accepted quietly and gratefully, and against which he saw no reason to enter either protest or remonstrance.

In truth, he was a kindly, good-natured man, with a mind rather limited by nature, and not much enlarged by education; fond of field sports in the morning, and ladies' society in the evening; a professed amateur of music, to which he contributed not a little in his performance on the German flute, in the execution of which his face underwent the most fearful and ludicrous contortions. *Au reste*, he was an extremely harmless character; as free from any coarse vice as he was perhaps incapable of any lofty aspiration; and, on the whole, rather a popular member of the circle of society in which he moved.

His family was respectable, and had seen better days before they became gentlemen farmers, and at the period of his leaving the army, his few "dirty acres" in the county of Cork gave him a fair income of £200 a year.

Both his parents had died early, leaving the guardianship of his childhood and youth to Miss Kate Cheerly, his maternal aunt, a maiden lady of thirty-five, shrewd, happy-tempered, and four feet ten in stature. A strictly honest little woman was she, and possessing much happy piety; so she husbanded her nephew's small property till she had a goodly sum in the funds, and then sent him to a first-class school in the city of Armagh, where he got

on with the Latin and Greek, according to his own report, "very *muddling* (middling) indeed." Afterwards, in her heart's darling hope that he would one day grace a pulpit, she entered him as a pensioner into Trinity College, Dublin, where, in two consecutive examinations, he utterly broke down. College and Church being therefore out of the question, Miss Cheerly sounded her nephew as to his dispositions towards a military life, and on this matter found that his martial soul was all on fire, being anxious to assume the scarlet *toga virilis*, and figure in the flank company; a hope engendered, not so much by any pretension to regimental science, as by the consciousness of his grenadier proportions, and sesquipedalian stature. A commission was forthwith purchased for "Nephew Dick" in the distinguished corps we have mentioned, his uniform bespoke from a Dublin tailor, and he was ordered at once to join his regiment on active service in Belgium. This he did, and at Waterloo began and terminated his campaigning—not dishonourably or unprofitably—bringing home with him a bullet in his right leg, and a reasonable hope of a pension for life in his trousers' pocket.

His aunt grieved at his mishap, while she rejoiced to have him at home, and safe with herself. They settled in the little ambitious town of C—, in the south of Ireland. Here Miss Cheerly was well known; it had been her birth-place; and here, to use her own phraseology, she "had a good minister to sit under." She had been crossed in her hopes for her nephew, both in an ecclesiastical and in a military way; he had failed in the college, and had been unfortunate in the camp. Mars and Minerva had been equally unpropitious; so Miss Cheerly now broke new ground, and determined to establish him in matrimonial life. To this plan the gallant captain was at once acquiescent; he was an admirer of the gentler sex, and though rather shy in their society, yet was by no means blind to what he considered his own personal attractions, and had been heard at his toilette, especially when fixing the Waterloo medal to his coat, audibly and mellifluously singing—

"None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
Deserve the fair."

The first lady Miss Cheerly settled upon was the rector's daughter, Anna Lacy. She was twenty-two years of age, a handsome, graceful girl, and thoroughly good, loving her father's poor, and teaching their children in the schools.

The captain had dined twice at the rectory; on each of which occasions he told the story of the bullet in his leg—the first time before the gentlemen in the dining-room, and the second time, bolder grown, to the ladies in the drawing-room, not omitting to inform both auditories that "the peculiar circumstance of his carrying the regimental colours had made him an especial mark for the enemy's artillery."

It is to be feared that this recital produced among his hearers more smiles than sympathy. They were high-bred people, those Lacies, and saw through the poor captain's *étourderies*; and so, in spite of his heroic conduct in the field of glory, in spite of his Waterloo medal, and the bullet in his limb, and his Agamemnonian height, and his £200 per annum, and in spite of his many excellent moral and amiable qualities, when his Aunt Kate took up his proposal of marriage to the rectory he was rejected—most civilly, most courteously, but decidedly rejected—and his connubial castles in the air levelled to the dust.

The captain, however, bore himself valiantly under the repulse. A man who had met and outlived a charge of gallant French chasseurs on the gory battle-field, was not to be daunted by a shot negative from a fair lady demolishing his matrimonial parallels. He bore himself nobly and well under the weight of his "rejected addresses," and thus it was: he was the principal bass singer in Mrs. Lacy's amateur choir, and had really a good and sonorous voice. Now, a day or two after his refusal, the weekly practice at the church took place; Mrs. Lacy presiding at the organ, and Anna at her side, leading the hymns, with her rich contralto voice. Many men would have stayed away; but the poor captain, with some weaknesses, had nice and gentlemanly feelings also; so he came to the meeting, saluting Miss Lacy most reverently with a distant bow; then sat him down, and sung his part in a manly and unaffected way, and continued so to do until he left the country.

Miss Cheerly now set herself to weave a new Hymeneal web; but here her nephew interfered, and informed her he would choose for himself.

"Aunt, you fly too high; the Lacies are akin to nobility; and though my family are well descended—they were Delameres once, you know, aunt, and came over with *Queen Anne at the Reformation*"—the captain was fond of producing this astounding piece of historical information—"yet now, Aunt Kate, we cannot match with these Lacies; why, I declare, Miss Anna might be the wife of a duke, or of—of—the commander-in-chief."

And here the captain heaved a heavy sigh.

The poet says, "No deep wound ever closed without a scar;" but his was not a deep wound, and did not even exhibit a cicatrix, and Richard was very soon "himself again."

Among the fair choralists was a Miss Gaskins—Tamazine Gaskins, daughter to an attorney in C—. She was a pretty and attractive girl, not troubled with over-refinement; on the contrary, possessing a hard and wooden temperament, united to much shrewdness. She sang sweetly, and had always praised the captain's basso, which was his weak point, next to the Waterloo medal. To her, therefore, he now turned his eyes and thoughts, and his attentions being at once apprehended, and modestly

welcomed, in about three weeks he came to fancy himself desperately smitten by the charms of Miss Gaskins; and, Aunt Kate consenting, held himself in readiness to ask the momentous question on the first opportunity.

But who can tell what a day may bring forth?

Mr. Lacy had lately changed his curate, and had got one from the North, much recommended for zeal, and who took, at Mr. Lacy's request, two-thirds of the preaching duty. We will call him Jones. He was, unquestionably, a good and pious man, but wanted ripening and discretion. He was loud, long-winded, disputational, and dictatorial; he was amazingly popular with high and low; all rushed to hear him; old Lady Neverhaveenough driving in every Sunday morning four miles in her big britzka, with her five nieces, to listen to Jones; while Cowheels sent him each week, on the top of his Sunday mutton chop, a nice sweetbread, labelled in the butcher's own handwriting, "Gratis, and for nothing!"

Above all, Miss Tammy was "delighted" with the new curate. She was "charmed, edified, taught—oh, he was *such* a teacher!" Straightway she and Jones got up a Platonic and sacerdotal friendship; she working bands and slippers for him, and he calling her his dear sister.

The captain gradually fell into shadow; he and Jones had some tilting on matters doctrinal, in which he came off worse than he did at Waterloo. True, he had read his Bible with his aunt every day from his childhood, and was a good quiet Christian in his own unobtrusive way; but Jones was not satisfied, and shook his head, reporting of the poor captain that he had "found him low—aw-ful-ly low in doctrine." Whereupon at once the quicksilver of admiration in Miss Tammy's Cupid's barometer fell from "set fair" to "very stormy." She cooled daily to the captain, in proportion as she warmed to the curate; and finally, when in his desperation, he ventured to pop the question, he received a most unqualified "No," given with so much brusquerie and rudeness, that, he assured his aunt, he could "compare it to nothing in the wide world but a smack on the side of his face!"

Poor man! he had a heavier calamity to sustain six months afterwards; for his aunt, who had been his guide and guardian, and was better to him than twenty Miss Annas or Miss Tammys, left him for Quebec, where an old admirer of hers, having realised a fortune in the timber trade, now invited her to come out and be his wife. To this proposition she acceded, nothing loth, parting with her dear nephew, Dick, on the Liverpool quay, with many tears, and blessings, and prayers that God would have him in his special keeping till they met again; which, alas! they never did in this world.

Thus was the captain left to his own guidance, and the result was evil. He had a passion for nice

gloves, generally purchasing a new pair every week at the pleasant shop of Mrs. M'Evoy, who kept the best French article. Now this lady's niece had lately appeared behind the counter. She was an exceedingly beautiful girl—tall and finely formed, with large almond-shaped, brown Oriental eyes, shaded by such long silken lashes. Gracefully, and with much modest propriety, she moved among the customers, and bore the hail-storm of compliment, and "chaff," and admiration which the officers quartered in C—, and other young men, were ever pouring around her. Among the most fervent of her admirers was our captain; scarce a day elapsed but he would turn into Mrs. M'Evoy's, and there, sitting on a cane stool, in true Dumbiedyke fashion, would gaze at the fair Olivia for half an hour, then purchase some trifle, and, sighing, walk away.

One summer evening, caught in a thunder-storm, he took refuge in this shop, and the rain continuing, he was invited by Mrs. M'Evoy—who respected him much as a good and ready-money customer—to come into her back parlour, where Olivia sat presiding at the tea-table. Hence commenced an intimacy of an incongruous nature. The captain found he could obtain in the parlour what he never could in the shop—access to his idol. Every day riveted his chains; he became infatuated; and before the snows of Christmas had whitened the ground, Olivia M'Evoy had become Mrs. Dillymere. Truth to say, she was wonderfully handsome, and made him a good and virtuous wife; but she was a Roman Catholic, and much attached to her faith, even to a degree of bigotry, and all her children went to chapel with her. They had moved into the country, and taken a farm, and here for twenty-five years the captain led a strange life, shooting, fishing, or farming all day, and coddling with the children all the evening; but entirely estranged from his own family and friends. He never appeared in church; in fact, went nowhere on Sunday. To chapel he obstinately refused to go, even to please his wife; but compromised with her bigotry by forsaking his own place of worship, under the pretence of having no pew. In fact, he was ashamed to appear there, having fallen from his own respect as well as the world's by his strange marriage. Yet it is believed that he read his Bible now and then by stealth, and had not quite forgotten dear Aunt Kate—now dead—or her Scripture lessons.

A low typhus fever was ravaging the parish, and our captain was prostrated by its breath. It was now the depth of winter, and the snow was in the air and on the ground.

Opposite a blazing fire sat Arthur Hilary, the hard-working curate of the parish. It was near midnight, and he had seized his candle to retire for the night, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and when Arthur opened it, he saw it was his friend, Doctor B—.

"Have you seen Captain Dillymere? He is dying

of this fever. I am just come from his room. Have you ever visited him?"

"Again and again," said Arthur. "I have called twice this very day. I tried to get into his house, but was almost rudely denied entrance."

"My dear sir," answered the doctor, "you *must* try again, and now's your time. His wife and sons will keep you out if they can; but he himself, I do think, from a look he gave me when I mentioned your name ten minutes since, will rejoice to see you, and it is your duty to go to him, and get an entrance any way you can. I am now returning; what say you to taking hold of my skirts, and I will pull you into the room?" said the doctor, smiling.

"With all my heart," answered the young minister; and, running for his hat and coat, he left the house with his kind friend.

They had but a field to cross. Guided by the light which streamed hazily from every window in Captain Dillymere's house through the snow-burthened air, they soon arrived at the door. The doctor knocked, and was let into a dark hall by a woman servant. She did not see the curate.

"Follow me," whispered the doctor; "take hold of my skirts."

Up the stairs they went, nor paused till the servant, who had preceded them, opened the sick man's door. Within the room was a blaze of light; the atmosphere hot and fever-tainted; a large fire burning in the grate; a small round table, with pen, ink, and paper, at which sat two of his sons, and a short, thick man in a puce-coloured serge gown, who was the chapel clerk, called in to make the sick man's will. Mrs. Dillymere and her daughter were within a fold of the curtains of the large four-posted bed, where, high on his pillow, lay the poor captain. His eyes were red and strained, his countenance anxious, his skin browned to a mahogany hue, his breathing short, and hot, and heavy. He smiled in a ghastly fashion when the doctor said, with a cheerful voice—

"Here is your neighbour, Mr. Hilary, come to see you, sir."

But Mrs. Dillymere looked angry and surprised, and one of the young men, approaching, said—

"Surely, sir, this is an ill-timed visit; my father is too weak to speak to you."

But the young minister was firm, and, advancing to the bed, said, with a loud voice—

"Sir, you are very ill; you may be dying this night. Oh, sir, do you believe that you are a sinner?"

"I do, I do—God knows!" answered the poor patient, in thick but earnest tones.

"Sir, do you take Jesus and him crucified as your only ground of salvation?"

Here the young men began to speak loudly and in an excited way; but the tones of the sick man swelled louder and clearer as he almost shouted—

"Yes, yes; he is my only Saviour—my only, only

Saviour—my dear Redeemer. Oh, God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

This he said with the utmost vehemence of voice and manner; when Mr. Hilary, standing by his side, repeated the commencing verses of Rom. viii., and then kneeling down, prayed briefly and most earnestly, with a loud voice, that Christ might be with the patient, and grant him peace and glory, he uttering many "Amens" at each sentence of the prayer; and then Hilary hastily left the room and the house.

But God had blessed his visit. The captain had rallied during the night; and whenever he woke from his dozing, he would cry—

"Jesus, my Saviour—my long-suffering Saviour—my loving, forgiving Saviour, have mercy on me, a poor prodigal—a poor penitent sinner! I forsook thee, O my God; but I hate myself for so doing. Jesus, Son of David—Jesus, Son of God, have mercy, have mercy upon me!"

His wife and daughters were sensibly affected, and were weeping round his bed.

All the teaching and good education his youth had received from pious Aunt Kate was now flowing back on his soul and his memory, and refreshing him in this his hour of need.

Towards morning he waxed weakly, when, gathering himself for an effort, he said—

"Wife and children, do you wish to have my dying blessing?"

"Yes, beloved. Oh, yes, yes, dearest father," they answered.

"Then," said the sufferer, "bring my clergy to me again—bring that young man, that I may bless you before I die."

Mrs. Dillymere at once sat down and wrote a note to Hilary.

He came and spent almost the whole day by the sick man's side. He read, he prayed, he repeated hymns, to which the captain gave heed with a delighted face and a glistening eye. Ever and anon he would doze off, and awake again with a fresh appetite for Divine things; and during the morning the curate received from him the most explicit assurance of his trust and hope in the atonement made by his Saviour for lost sinners, and for him the most lost and the vilest of all.

As evening drew on, he began to sink, and his speech forsook him; when, looking with eyes of unspeakable affection on the curate, he groped with his hand under the pillow, and finding something, he pressed and squeezed it into Hilary's hand with a loving and most expressive smile.

It was his last act and his last smile, for death came rapidly on now; and when the curate opened his hand to see what it was that the dying man had bestowed on the friend who had spoken to him the words of life and peace, he found it was the poor captain's Waterloo medal.

R. S. B.

SONNET.

LO! morning drops upon the dewy lawns
Like to a nymph, who bounds into the
ring—
Standing, and gazing on the sleeping
fawns;

One twilight moment balancing her spring
Between the day before, and night behind;
Between the shouting of the thousand sheaves

Rustling a welcome in their rustic kind,
And the waste silence of the world she leaves.
Meantime a deepening blush outspreads upon
Her cheeks immortal; and that blush decides
The day for earth,—letting the gods wail on
Lorn of Aurora, till light's ebbing tides
Sweep her once more from the bereaved earth
Back to Olympian bowers, and Maian mirth.

DIGBY P. STARKEY.

PETER A TYPE OF IMPULSE.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

IT is thought to have been the oldest in years; it is obvious he was the youngest in loving impetuosity. Discretion with impulse is a rare compound; but honest impulse, even without discretion, is the more popular character. We should devoutly aim at both. Peter's heart was in the right place as a natural man; it was divinely controlled and kept there as a spiritual

man. Probably there was no apostle to whose memoir the line more justly applied, that

"E'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

From the day that his gentle, unobtrusive brother Andrew first brought him to Jesus, to his farewell interview on the beach of Tiberias, Peter's story is traced in a series of impulsive sayings or doings, seldom wise, never deliberately wicked. That his for-

wardness on all occasions to be the agent or spokesman for the rest was due to the impetuosity, and not to the conceit, of his moral temperament, is clear from the humility with which he made honourable mention to the Galatians of "the brother Paul" who had rebuked him at Antioch. If his impulse frequently exposed him to reproof, his candour always received it with meekness. It requires grace to be kept from error, but more grace to own it, and retrace our steps.

Peter and Andrew were both followers of Christ before they were called into the apostolate. They were at their fishing in Gennesareth, when the miraculous draught of fishes threw Peter on his knees before Jesus, with the cry, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Had our Lord taken the rash petitioner at his word, Peter would have lost his Saviour at his own request. One gracious word of Jesus at that instant changed the whole current of Peter's life. Instead of Jesus departing from Peter, Peter "forsook all, and followed Jesus." His impulse got into the right direction, but it was his master's love diverted it.

Soon after, when Jesus questioned all the disciples, "Whom do ye say that I am?" Peter consulted none of them, but looking at their hearts in the light of his own, he instantly replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" Peter's benediction, on that confession of faith, stands out on the page of Scripture as one of the foundation stones of Christianity, "built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." Yet, when Jesus "spake of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem," though Peter had heard the same theme discussed between his transfigured Lord and Moses and Elias, who appeared with him in glory, when the subject was resumed, as the shadow of the cross was looming nearer, "Peter took upon him to rebuke Jesus, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord." No wonder his Master's censure of his intemperate repudiation of the atonement was sharper than usual, though still qualified by the gracious intimation, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Satan's own rebuke was, "Get thee hence, Satan!" The one was peremptory banishment from the Messiah's face; the other, shelter and retreat behind the bulwark of his person.

But Peter's error, inconsiderate as it was, had in it a tender, underlying love, that would have spared his Master's suffering; and Jesus recognised the love, though he condemned its misapprehension of his mission. We should pause and consider more than we do before speaking to God or of the things of God. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God." And again, "Be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools." Mary "*pondered*" on the sayings of Jesus. Meditation is a sweet and precious

helpmeet to prayer. Like the sisters of Bethany, they both wait on the Lord in their way, and enhance the effect of each other's services. Be zealous for all that is good, but "see that your good be not evil spoken of;" or, at least, that it should not deserve reproach.

On the occasion of Jesus walking on the sea, Peter, with more attachment to his Master than faith in his power, begged he might be permitted to come to him on the water, and "beginning to sink," which was no doubt suffered to try him, he cried out, "Lord, save me, or I perish." But the reproof which blamed his little faith was not lost upon Peter, for the next time he saw his risen Lord on the Sea of Galilee, he waited for no bidding, but at once cast himself into the sea, and gallantly walked the waters, with a faith which was to sink no more.

On another occasion, when the Lord washed his disciples' feet, Peter exclaimed, in the fulness of his heart, "Thou shalt never wash *my* feet!" Evidently from his extreme reluctance to his Lord's abasing himself to so menial an act. But he overlooked the fact that God's co-equal, co-eternal Son, had "taken upon him the form of a servant," and was therefore only fulfilling a part consistent with his earthly mission. Had Peter considered the effect which Jesus pointed out to him, he would not have spoken words so rash, that, like his proposal to make three tabernacles, indifferently for Jesus, Moses, and Elias, on Mount Tabor, exposed him to censure as one who "wist not what he said." Still, they were faults arising from an affection, sincere, but thoughtless. He who extenuated the weakness that slept instead of watching with him in his hour of agony in Gethsemane, seems to have put the same solution on all Peter's inadvertencies, misconceptions, and failings, that Peter and the sons of Zebedee "slept for sorrow," that "the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak." Ah! if we could only bear with one another as Jesus bears with us all, and, in oft-repeated figures, bore with Peter.

So in the familiar incident of his denying the Lord. Doubtless he meant it at the time when he answered, "Though all men should deny thee, yet will I never deny thee." It was the nature of the man to speak as he felt—strongly, confidently, impetuously, and the bitter tears with which he met the eye of his denied Master showed, like the Master's own tears at the grave of Lazarus, "how he loved him." Hence, in their next interview in the chamber, though he felt guilty and condemned on the score of his defection in the hour of trial, he nevertheless was conscious that he could appeal to his heart-searching Master's test of his sincere attachment to his person, and therefore replied, with some measure of confidence, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!"

A similar outburst of inconsiderate curiosity prompted the inquiry as to John's destiny, immediately he had learned what was to be his own. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" Our Lord's gentle rebuke, as it seems to me, nevertheless vouchsafed an answer: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me."

The same impulsive jealousy for the laws of Moses, and, perhaps, tenderness for the prejudices of his countrymen, induced his going straightway from the tolerant and ingenuous council of Jerusalem to the disciples of Antioch, and there refusing to eat with the Gentile converts. Strange pusillanimity in a man who had received the directly opposite lesson on the housetop of Cornelius, where his Jewish traditions suggested his declining to eat what even an angel from heaven offered, alike for his physical relief and spiritual instruction.

How inconsecutive is the reasoning of prejudice! how incongruous the course of that indecision which yields to the common temptation, which would sacrifice principle to feeling! Men are often led by it into actual sin against charity and consistency, under an infatuated notion of being more zealous for the glory of God. Well may we be warned: "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." Had Peter tried his spirit more prayerfully and patiently, he would not so often have incurred the blame which visited the intemperate wound he inflicted on the ear of Malchus: "Put up thy sword into the sheath. They that use the sword shall perish by the sword." Yet in Peter, as in Paul, the Lord was "showing forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them who afterwards should believe." It was subsequent to the thrice-repeated denial, that his pitying and forgiving Lord sent the special message of recall into his affection and confidence: "Go tell my disciples, and Peter." Though he has abjured them and me,

and thrust himself out of us by his own disavowal of our company, his heart went not with his words. Bid him come to me again; ye shall not see my face except Peter be with you. So the Lord had mercy on him.

Though we abjure the Papal figment of St. Peter's supremacy, which stands on no warranty of Scripture or ecclesiastical history, yet it cannot be overlooked that our blessed Lord distinguished him by many special tokens of regard and honour. He was one of the three apostles chosen to be their Master's witnesses at the raising of the daughter of Jairus, at the Lord's transfiguration on Mount Tabor, and in his overwhelming agonies in Gethsemane. The Lord specially addressed to him the privileges which he conferred on the apostles generally. In their after history, when the Jewish council examined them on the healing of the impotent man, Peter's was the reply for the rest. It was he who visited with death the prevarication of Ananias and Sapphira. James lingered in prison till Herod slew him, but an angel delivered Peter from the tyrant's hands. Though signal wonders were wrought by all the apostles, it was only to "Peter's shadow" efficacy was ascribed by the general voice of the Church. No other apostle's death was specially foretold, but even to the manner of Peter's martyrdom, Jesus himself "signified by what death he should glorify God." The impulsive energy of the man was overruled for great good, when the grace of God's Holy Spirit gave it a right direction. It is always an element of greatness, when well and wisely controlled. The moral of Peter's memoir, both before and after his conversion, may be summed up in two sentences of Paul's:—

"They zealously affect you, but not well. . . . But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

AUTUMN MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

BY THE "TIMES" BEE-MASTER.

EVERY hive should weigh 25lbs., irrespective of the board on which it rests, but inclusive of the box, if not a very heavy one. In September, an experienced apiarian can ascertain the weight without loosening the hive from its floor, which ought never to be done. If the hive be too light, which it ought not to be, feeding with ale and sugar, well boiled, should be had recourse to; or, if the expense be no object, by pushing barley-sugar sticks into the hive.

In October, narrow the entrance of the hive by attaching to the entrance hole either a piece of wood

or zinc, a quarter of an inch in height and half an inch in width. By this or any similar way of lessening, not closing, the entrance, you enable the bees to defend themselves more easily against wasps, and other intrusive enemies.

In removing super boxes or glasses before the winter sets in, or rather in the end of August, I wish to guard bee-keepers against the very prevailing practice of fumigation. The way this is done is to take fuzz-ball (*Fungus pulvulentus*) or frog-cheese (*Bovista gigantea*), and by means of a tin tube to blow the smoke of the ignited stuff into the glass or super you are to remove. This

acts on bees as chloroform does on human beings, and they drop stupefied and insensible. You then remove the glass or super full of honey, and leave the bees to recover their wits, which they do in about ten minutes, not a bit worse. This is by far the easiest plan. But one objection to it I think insuperable. The delicate aroma of fine honey is destroyed, and a musty smell, not injurious to the health, but very unpleasant to one who can appreciate fine honey is imparted. The practice of removing the glass toward evening thirty yards off, and allowing the bees to fly home—now and then brushing them off with a feather—is by far the best course.

There is a sort of winter management, to which I have the strongest possible objection. A bee-keeper in the neighbourhood of Hitchin tried this plan with success. He buried his hive a foot deep on the 1st November among dry leaves, and he found it only two pounds lighter, and the bees in full health. But this is, I suspect, a very perilous experiment. Bees have organs of respiration and digestion, and unless the cold be very intense—so intense as to create torpor—the death of the whole family must ensue. But during winter it is most important to remove every temptation to leave their hives, a bright sunshine

beating on the hive provokes them to go out under the impression that it is the first gleam of summer. The cold strikes, or being semi-torpid, they fall on the snow or frozen earth, and perish. Shade the bee-house as much as possible, draw the hives backward on the floor. The great object is to keep off damp. Bees stand well the severity of a Russian winter, because it is dry; whereas they often perish in the mild but humid English winter. I have found it most useful to cover the hives inside my bee-house with brown paper. It keeps off insects by its peculiar smell, and it preserves a more equable temperature. The less bees are interfered with in winter the better—“*contracto frigore pigre*”—(beaumbed with cold, and inactive).

Finally, never use brimstone, and suffocate your bees. It is barbarous and unprofitable.

2. Do not fail, in the honey harvest, to leave enough for your stocks during the winter.

3. Do not allow swarming. Giving room at the proper time prevents loss and benefits you.

4. Feed, nevertheless, liberally, especially in spring, with ale and sugar, adding a table-spoonful of rum.

5. During winter keep your bee-house quiet, dry, and dark.

NIGHT AND MORN.

NIGHT and morn—night and morn!
Wearied eyes that must not sleep,
Broken heart that must not weep;
Better thou hadst not been born.
Toiling, toiling, night and morn,
Better thou shouldst dying sleep;
Dying leave the night and morn,
Dying leave the hate and scorn,
In thy sad heart sunken deep;
Dying, thou hadst leave to sleep.

Night and morn—night and morn!
Toiling on while others sleep;
Not to thee, a thing of scorn,
Not to thee, scarce woman born,
Is there time to rest or weep.
Tears would mar thy careful sewing,
Tears would blur the gaslight's glowing.
Thou must pay for tears and sleep,
Hide thine anguish, hide it deep.
Only where is money flowing
God has granted time to weep;
Dying, p'rhaps, might ease like sleep.

Night and morn—night and morn!
Fingers growing weak and weary,
Thinkest thou that life is dreary

Only to the basely born?
Thou art but a thing of scorn.
And the heart and reason in thee,
Hush them lest they tease and dim thee;
Like a bell that night and morn
Tolleth, “Dying love forlorn.”
Think not that the world's unfeeling
Thought is not for such as thou;
Tender lips and hands of healing
Will not press thine aching brow.

Night and morn—night and morn!
Rouse thee! for thy task's undone;
Till that dress is made and worn
Thou must watch with stars and sun.
One that knows thee not shall wear it,
Proudly in her beauty bear it,
Burning that the crowd may stare it,
Not for that by thee 'twas done:
Done with worn and wasted fingers,
While the life in parting fingers,
But for her that wears it on,
Not for thee so waste and wan;
But for flesh, and blood, and beauty,
Thou hast scarcely done thy duty,
Go unto thy rest: begone.



"Till that dress is made and worn
Thou must watch with stars and sun."

Night and morn—night and morn !
 Sleep ! they never more can wake thee ;
 Never more can words of scorn,
 From thy deep oblivion take thee.
 Eyes that long have known no closing,
 Sleep in undisturbed reposing ;

Sleep while *they* must toil about thee ;
 Sleep, they dare not now to flout thee ;
 Greater than the highest born,
 Sleep for ever poor forlorn ;
 Sleep undying, night and morn.

W.

PRISON DAYS.

IF we would appreciate common mercies we need for a season to be deprived of them. We should think it an almost unendurable hardship to pass a night under the shelter of a deserted cabin ; yet a company of poor wrecked mariners, who were crowded for a week into one small boat, floating about in the midst of icebergs which chilled their frames to the bone, thought, "What princely accommodations a beggar's pillow would be on the straw of the threshing floor!"

We think but little of the common objects of interest which God has crowded in our pathway. "We regard not the operation of his hands" in all these wonderful works. We are slow to read "sermons in stones and books in running brooks." But if we were shut within four narrow walls, how hungrily would the mind grope round for something to feed upon. No wonder that prisoners have made companions and pets of flies and spiders, watching all their curious ways, and gaining instruction from them, as far as they could instruct them. One prisoner of state, immured in a darkened cell, felt that his mind would prey on itself unless some employment could be devised. He found on his coat six pins, which had escaped the eyes of those who had searched him ; and these he made the means of the preservation of his reason. He would cast them from him, away into the darkness, and then spend hours in searching for them. When all were gathered up he would repeat the process. And so, for six long years, he continued to fight off insanity by this curious process ; after which he was liberated. He would not, however, leave his cell until he had gathered up all his pins ; and, crooked and tarnished as they were, they were set in a case of gold and gems, and worn, as an ornament more precious than diamonds, by one who had waited and watched for him with a wife's devotion all those weary years.

It is a common device of Satan to shut up a good man in prison with the hope of cutting off his usefulness. But in this he often outwits himself. His cause gained but little by the imprisonment of good John Bunyan in Bedford gaol, and less still by the imprisonment of Paul, by the order of a cruel Nero. There was an almighty hand guiding even these seemingly adverse providences. No danger was apprehended by allowing these good

men pen and paper. Paul never troubled the tyrant by petitions for his release. There was something which lay nearer his great heart than his own safety and comfort. It was the care of all the churches he had planted, the burden of those precious souls gathered there of whom he must give an account at the bar of God.

He knew what hand could open the prison doors whenever his prison work should be done ; and if it was His will that he should be offered up, he was ready for the offering.

It was when a prisoner in Wartburg Castle that Luther translated the Scriptures, and wrote some of his most valuable works. Here the brave defender of the faith preached every Sabbath, and ceased not day nor night to proclaim Christ's Gospel to all who would hear.

Perhaps the world had never heard those songs of heavenly sweetness which flowed from the pen of Madame Guyon, but for those ten weary years in the Bastille.

Who can reflect without a shudder upon those dark vaults of the Inquisition, where so many helpless victims have been immured, to await the mockery of a trial by judges whose hearts were steel, and whose decisions were sealed up before the culprit was called to stand before them ? There is a day coming when all those fearful secrets shall be brought to light, and when the condemned and the judge shall change places. Oh, in that day what joy it would be to those merciless ones to hide for ever in the gloomiest depths of those mildewed, loathsome caverns, if they might but hide themselves "from the wrath of the Lamb!" The inscriptions found upon some of those walls when the strong armed conqueror threw open their charnel homes to the light and air of heaven, breathe a faith higher and stronger than any massive walls of stone could imprison. Though lingering, terrible torture was before them, they could still feel

"That come he slow, or come he fast,
 It is but death who comes at last,"

and after death eternal glory. For ever before the throne of God, clothed in white raiment should those stand who had "come through great tribulations, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

LITTLE JESSY, THE SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

ONE Sunday afternoon, in the middle of December, I was sitting by a luxurious fire, reading, when I was startled by hearing the clock strike two. I knew then I must prepare to go to the Sunday-school; but it required some resolution, for it was bitterly cold. However, I hurried to dress, not wishing to set my class the bad example of being late. As I took my seat, and gathered my little charge around me, I saw that several were missing, and among them a little pale-faced girl in whom I had always taken a deep interest. I was much surprised at her absence, for she was a very regular attendant; I do not remember her ever being late but once since I had taken the class. I had, however, noticed, for the last two or three Sundays, she had had a severe cough, so I resolved to go and see her after school closed. It was some little distance, and was getting dusk when I reached the house. Old Mrs. Kinden opened the door. "I have come to inquire after your little granddaughter," I said; "I hope she is not ill."

"Well, ma'am, she's got a very bad cough, and it's my opinion she's not been well this long while; she's grow'd wonderful thin this last month. I told her last Sunday she were better in-doors; but she fretted so, and nothin' would do; and I knew, poor child, she had been looking forward all the week to going to Sunday-school, so I were obliged to let her go. Her father don't seem to think there's much the matter, but I can see a wonderful change."

I then inquired if I could see Jessy.

"She be in the other room," replied the old woman, rising with difficulty, for she suffered much with rheumatism.

"Don't trouble yourself to move," I said; "I will go to her." I went in search of the little girl, whom I found in tears; but her face brightened when she saw me. "I came to inquire why you were not at school this afternoon, Jessy," I said; "and your grandmother tells me you have a bad cough."

"I wanted to come so much, teacher," replied the little girl; "but granny said if I went out in the cold it would make me worse."

"Yes, Jessy," I replied, "your grandmother was quite right; it certainly is not a fit day for you to be out. But now I want you to tell me what first made you love your Sunday-school so much."

"It was all Janey's doing that I ever went at all, teacher," she replied. "Janey was my sister; I loved her so much! She is dead now, but she has gone to heaven to be a bright angel; she was so good, and always went to the school on Sunday. Just before she died, she said, 'Jessy, I want you to promise me one thing, and that is, that you will

always go to the Sunday-school, both morning and afternoon. It was there that I learnt all the beautiful psalms and texts that comfort me so in this hour of death.' These were her words, I shall never forget them," said poor Jessy, who was now quite overcome.

"And have you found what your sister said was true?" I inquired; "have you learnt to love Jesus?"

"Yes, teacher," said the little girl, lifting her large intelligent eyes to mine; "how can I help loving Him when he has done so much for me?"

I pressed her closely to me. I had indeed cause to be thankful that I had been the humble instrument in God's hand of bringing this little lamb into the fold.

"Teacher," said the child, after a moment's pause, "before you go will you read the fourteenth of John to granny and me? I will light a candle, and get you the Bible." So we went into the next room together.

They both listened very attentively, and when I had concluded, old Mrs. Kinden asked me several questions. I then said I must be going, for it was getting very late. I promised Jessy I would send something for her cough, and most likely should see her again in a few days. Weeks passed away; I went frequently to see the little girl, for she was still too unwell to attend the school. Once, when I had not seen her for some days, I found her seated on a low stool, with her Bible open before her.

"Ah, teacher," she said, "I am so glad you have come. Granny is asleep; so, if you please, we will go into the next room."

After we had been talking some time, she said—"Granny thinks I shan't live long; I heard her tell father so last night after I was in bed."

"But you are not afraid to die, Jessy?"

"Oh, no!" said the child; "I wish it were God's will; I long to join my sister, and to see those many mansions I have learnt so much about. When you came I was reading the twenty-first of Revelations, where it says that the streets of the city are made of pure gold. I like that chapter, teacher, only I can't make all the words out; and it puzzles me sometimes: will you read it before you go?"

I gladly assented.

Not many days after this conversation, I was called to the death-bed of this dear child. Her father and grandmother were watching anxiously by her side. All was so peacefully still, I feared I had come too late; but, after I had been standing by her bed some minutes, she opened her eyes.

"Ah, teacher, you have come!" she said, holding out her hand, which I took in mine; "I thought I should not see you again."

She then asked to be raised in bed.

"Don't cry, father," she said (for the strong man was now bowed down with sorrow); "I'm going home to meet mother and Janey; you must take my Bible when I am gone, and read it for my sake, and soon you will love it better than any other book in the world. Read the fourteenth of John first, father; it will comfort you so much: Jesus says, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' There is room in heaven for all who love Jesus. And promise me that you will read to granny when I'm gone;" and then, turning to me, she said, "Teacher, I shall soon be with Jesus now," and she pressed my hand to her lips, adding, "And you will soon come."

These were her last words; she had closed her eyes for ever upon the light of this world, to open them in the presence of her Redeemer, and to taste the fulness of joy for ever.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

WHO will be first to scale the wall?
For there the path of glory lies;
Honours for him, who does not fall
And glory, if he, winning, dies!"

So spake the gallant captain, when
Before the fort his regiment stood;
But, take a fort so strong, his men,
Though valiant, never dreamed they could.

The wall was high, the wall was strong,
The bayonets glistened from the height;
The cannon thundered loud and long;
And who the first to brave their might?

The soldiers stood before the wall—
It was not off their courage failed,
For they were English soldiers all—
Yet now their bronzed faces paled.

Then stepped there forth a drummer lad,
Who threw his drum across his back—
"What, is the ascent so very bad?
Come, follow me—I'll lay the track."

Then up the ladders swift he ran,
And soon came after him the best;
And thus, so shamed was every man,
That quickly followed all the rest!

Then, when the drummer reached the top,
How loud a cheer his comrades raised;
But, ah! they saw him, staggering, drop
Before the guns that thund'ring blazed.

The fort was gained, the British flag
Upon the giant flagstaff waved;
But from a heap of slain they drag
The boy who England's honour saved.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Name a man whom God elected
Chief of all his priests to be.
2. Name a man whose life-long blindness
Jesus cured, and made him see.
3. Name the favoured child of promise,
Father of Israel's chosen race.
4. Name a noble heathen woman
Made a Christian by God's grace.
5. Name a maid of wondrous beauty
Who became a monarch's wife.
6. Name a child whose guilty father
God foretold should lose his life.
7. Name a prophet, brave and upright,
Who rebuked an erring king.
8. Name the maid whose songs of triumph
Made the dreary desert ring.
9. Name the youth who fell whilst sleeping—
Died; and was by Paul restored.

The initials of these names
Give an injunction of our Lord.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE BASKET OF GAME.

"This world is full of beauty,
As are other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love."

GERALD MASSEY.

T IS certain that the nervous organisation of us poor mortals so far resembles a harp, that it is very easily put out of tune, and requires its strings to be constantly kept at the right tension in order to give out the proper sound. It must be owned that the serenity of faith which had been reached on the night before by Mr. Hope and Marian, yielded to

depression when they rose the next morning to encounter the troubles of the day—which, sooth to say, were lying in wait for them in the shape of sundry bills in the letter-box, Norry having duly emptied it, and brought the contents to the breakfast-table. The feminine tact of Mysie, to say nothing of Marian, would have kept either of them from showing these until Mr. Hope had taken his frugal morning meal; but Norry, boy-like, was more direct, and he laid the bills down by the side of his master's bread and milk, as if there were no latent unpleasantness in their appearance.

"Bills!" sighed Mr. Hope, opening them one by one. "They are only the Michaelmas bills dear father. They are not, I think, very heavy this quarter; that is, I've tried to—"

"No doubt, child, you have been careful."

"Put them away now, dear papa Hope—put them away," said the fresh voice of Mysie, coaxingly. "They'll keep you from enjoying your breakfast."

"Bitters are good for the appetite, Mysie. There, child, get your own meal."

"Bitter! why bitter?" said Norry, in a tone of inquiry—for it had never been the habit of the family to talk, or, it may be, even to think, of themselves as poor people. They were in the habit of giving their mite to others, and this, at all events to young, inconsiderate minds, established a sense of competence. It is related in the biography of Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-law Rhymers," that his parents had seven children, and an income of less than a hundred a year, and yet that they never considered themselves poor people. However, in these last days at that old Kensington cottage, conviction had been gradually deepening on the minds of the brother and sister—suggested, it may be, from Marian's pensive looks—that there was trouble coming to the house of another kind than that which they had both witnessed—sickness and death—so that the inquiry as to the word "bitter" was silenced by a touch of Mysie's foot under the table, and remained unanswered, which threw a gloom over them all.

A loud ring at the bell came as a relief to the monotony of the breakfast table. Mysie, on whom devolved the answering of the door, ran off, and quickly returned, bringing the book of the delivery van to be signed for a hamper.

In all the eight years that Mr. Hope had lived in Bingley Cottage no such arrival had been announced before, and it was no wonder that, when the book was signed and the door closed, the whole family grouped around and peered curiously into the basket. A hare and four birds!—who could have sent them?

"Pretty birds!" said Mysie, looking at the fine plumage of one of the pheasants. "Are they so very nice to eat, that people take such delight in killing them?"

"Oh, it's famous sport, shooting—capital!" said Norry, rather contemptuous of her pity.

Her father did not notice the words of the young people; a curious smile curved his lips as he muttered the lines—

"It's like sending me raffles,
When wanting a shirt."

And so he turned away, adding, "I'm afraid, Marian, our unknown friends over-rate your cooking talents. What will you do with them?"

"I should like to — But no, that wouldn't do."

"What, Marian? Nay, no hesitating."

"To invite some one?" interposed Mysie, quickly.

"No, no, dear. Invite, indeed!—whom have we to invite? I should like to sell them."

"Sell them—sell a present!" said Norry, drawing up his head, and his great eyes flashing. "Why, Marian, that's not like you—that huckstering way of talking."

"A present! well, that makes them ours, and if they're ours, I suppose it's meant that we should do as we like with them. What does it matter whether we eat or sell them?"

"And pray, Norry, what do you mean by huckstering?" cried Mysie, indignantly.

"Don't be flying at me with that way you've got, Miss Mysie," replied Norry, turning, as he spoke, away from the hamper. "I thought it was rather a low kind of a notion, that's all."

"Not low, my boy," said Mr. Hope, gravely, laying his hand, while he spoke, on the lad's shoulder; "it was an honest thought of Marian's, and that can never be low or mean. If the sale of these luxuries will pay a bill that otherwise would have to wait, it will be better than our fashioning Marian with unaccustomed cookery, or feasting on uncoverted dainties."

"Yes, father, that's what I meant. Our buttermilk and grocer is also a poulterer; I know he will take these of me."

Norry hung his head in confusion a moment, and then said, "Let me run, Marian, for you, and ask him. Do let me! I'm always bolting out something I don't exactly mean! I know I'm a stupid fellow, though I don't like Mysie being so ready to tell me so."

The boy's cap was on and he was away in a few minutes, carrying in his young mind some troubled thoughts, that, as he went along, began to shape themselves into distinctness. His errand, and Marian's anxiety, which, if it had existed before, he had never been so struck with, now revealed to him, with something of the force of a sudden discovery, that if Mr. Hope did not complain, and Marian smiled amid her ceaseless industry, it was not for lack of hidden causes of distress. It was a bitter moment, yet a turning-point in his whole history. He had been, hitherto, a fitful, careless boy, fond of, and clever in, many pursuits, but without method or much diligence. Now, in less time than we have taken to write it, a conviction darted like an arrow through him that he must begin to work. Poverty often annihilates childhood. What the little toiling mortals who passed Norry in the road—the ragged and feeble recruits in the great army of labour—did from necessity or from fear he must do from gratitude. And to do it effectually he must work his mind harder, it might be, than any toiling urchin who was dragging at a truck, or groaning under a basket.

And so the hamper of game did far more than gratify the palate in Mr. Hope's house. Small as the sum was that its sale paid, it lightened Marian's cares awhile, and, if she had known it, transformed careless, erratic Norry into a thinker.

Nor were they without a shrewd guess as to whom the basket of game was sent by, for during the same week there came a letter from Miss Gertrude Austwick to Miss Hope, inquiring whether some very beautiful fire-screens that had been worked for Miss Webb were not executed by her, and if so, asking as a favour if she would oblige the writer by working a similar pair. Some most kind as well as courteous inquiries for her father concluded the note, and gave great pleasure to Marian—the more so, that she was both able and willing to comply with the request. But if the basket and the letter from Mr. Hope's favourite pupil gave the little household pleasant matter for conjecture and conversation, another and far less welcome topic was forced on them by a

letter from Canada, in Johnston's handwriting. It announced some changes, and indicated more. Like all that Mr. Hope had received, it was short and formal:—

Sir,—This is to inform you that I have married again, and with my wife intend leaving this location for the U. S. I shall not for the future take any responsibility as to the children, whose interests I and my late wife attended to far better than could be demanded of us. You will, no doubt, receive a communication from Scotland from parties who, as I understand, mean to claim the children; but I know no particulars, and you must not any further look to me. Mrs. Johnston considers that I have been very ill paid for the trouble I have taken, and which my former wife's family led me to incur. The address that you had better write to in Scotland is, Mr. A. Burke, Deacon MacLacklan's Land, near Coat Bridge, Glasgow.—Yours,
J. JOHNSTON.

The remittance which generally came about a fortnight or three weeks after the usual quarter day was not sent; and, small and inadequate as it was, its being withheld, even for a time, increased the pressure on the fast failing resources of Mr. Hope. It was incumbent on him to tell Norry, at all events, the purport of the letter. Hitherto a delicacy as to dwelling on details that might be felt as humiliating to the children, or laudatory of the kindness of those who had of late years protected them, had kept both Mr. Hope and Marian from referring to the past. Both had also repressed any romantic thoughts, such as isolated children sometimes encourage. This latter had not been difficult. The orphans were so kindly cared for, that they craved for no other home relations. A haunting memory of a dwelling where strife and blows, dirt and drink, had been their portion, still troubled their dreams, and made the name of Canada hateful to them—ay, even to see it on the map gave them a cold chill, and revived recollections of neglect and suffering increased by the rigour of the climate. Little Mysie bore on her feet the scars and seams of frost as indelibly as if they had been burns; and she knew that before she was brought over to England by Mrs. Hope, she was for months a helpless cripple. So all that past was allowed to be shut away in the distance. An ocean rolled between it and the present—an ocean that in no sense did the children wish to cross.

When, therefore, Mr. Hope called Norry into the little room or book closet that opened out of his bedroom, and was dignified with the name of study, and put the letter he had received into the boy's hand, there was rather a sense of indignant alarm than curiosity as he read it.

"Trouble!" cried the boy, laying down the letter—"responsibility! We have not him to thank that we are alive. If the man in Scotland is like Johnston, I shall not care to know him."

"But if he has a claim—the right of a blood relation?"

"He surely gave up any such claim when he let us go to Canada with these Johnstons."

"I don't think you did go with them. I rather believe, though I am not clear about it, you were brought out by people called Burke, and left with the Johnstons."

"Yes sir; but if so, we were left uncared for. I can recollect how it was with me and poor Mysie, who was crippled, when Mamma Hope rescued us. Why, father, I remember hearing you say once that you could have got us protected by the law, and that Johnston's fear of the indignation of his neighbours enabled you to get and keep possession of us."

"True, my boy; but you are aware that the sum allowed must have come from some one interested in you, and small as it is, its payment at regular intervals shows that it is sent from people not unaccustomed to arrange money transactions. I am rather glad of the address of these Scottish people. It removes a fear that has harassed me of late, as to whether Johnston has told his correspondents where you are."

"What did it matter to them?" said the youth, gloomily.

"It mattered to me. I could be in no sense an accomplice in keeping any one, who had a right to know, in ignorance of your whereabouts. Besides, those who have given the little help hitherto, might afford you more aid."

"I would rather work, sir, for myself."

"Yes; but there's Mysie."

"I may be able to take care of my sister."

"Yes, if you are put in a way to do so."

"Does no one work out a way?"

"Doubtless some do. By God's help, all things are possible. But it's not the way to succeed in life to begin by wilfully casting off aid that one may have a right to. Your parents would not be entirely without kindred."

"If they were honest folk, that's enough. Haven't I heard you quote Robert Nichols' lines?—

"I ask not of his lineage,
I ask not of his name;
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim."

"Ah, Norry! that's more poetic than heraldic."

"But it's true, sir."

"Nevertheless, my boy, I shall write to Scotland."

CHAPTER XI.

THE PACKMAN.

"Something weird, not good to see,
Has to my threshold come;
A raven on a blighted tree,
Is croaking near my home."

ANON.

WHILE these matters were occupying the attention of the Kensington household, the Austwicke woods were putting on their full autumnal splendour, and the little fairy, whose coming had drawn into a tangle the frail thread of her Aunt Honor's intentions, was enjoying their sylvan beauty like a wood nymph. Thus day by day passed, and found the lady of the Chace undecided as to her course, and therefore at times uncomfortable.

A state of doubt, with a restless conscience, is trying, yet the days sped fast enough; for what lonely life could resist the charm of having a companion who combined all that was winning in the grace of childhood with all that was fascinating in the intelligence of riper years? Whether the stately Miss Honoria was won to the woods by the little creature whom she loved, and gratified by allowing her to send presents of superabundant game, and who in her turn tripped daily at her aunt's side, uttering in the sweetest voice the prettiest fancies about the country sights and sounds, which she enjoyed with the keenest zest—so that it was her errand to see the tints one day, or to watch the sunset another, or to gather ferns on a third—always the

staid lady of forty-five found herself allured forth by the little dryad. And at evening, when the logs were put on the old-fashioned hearths that no modern fire-grate in any room in the old Hall had been permitted to displace, and "True," as her aunt called her, was making the lengthening nights pleasant with her bird-like warblings, or even more musical poetic readings, time sped on; and the northern journey, for which the portmanteau had been packed, was more distant than ever from becoming a reality.

Perhaps, when people are undecided exactly as to what course to take, they are glad of an interruption that postpones the necessity for action.

To resort to writing, as a substitute for more active effort, had more than once occurred to Miss Austwick; for when she retired to her chamber, then her unfulfilled promise troubled her, and every night saw a resolution formed that every morning dissipated.

Several times had Gertrude asked her aunt about the uncle whom she had never seen, and whose death seemed, to her young imagination, so sad.

"To land only to die! To come home only to find a grave!" was her comment, that would no doubt have been enlarged on, but her fine tact told her it was distasteful to her aunt. However, as Gertrude was a great letter-writer, she sent pages of feelings and fancies on the subject to her parents, who, if they read her epistles—which is doubtful—were more likely to be amused than affected; certainly Mrs. Basil made no pretence to great kindred sympathies. She regulated the degree of her emotion as a well-bred person should, and resented, as a culpable eccentricity, Captain Austwick coming unexpectedly from India. Still, neither parent checked "the child," as they called her, for writing as she did. "True was a clever creature, and, with pen or tongue, would have her say." Moreover, they quite approved her having gone to the Chace. Some idea that Miss Austwick might be induced to ask for Gertrude *en permanence* had occurred to the young lady's mamma, who was far more interested about her three great comely boys than her tiny daughter, pretty and clever as she was. All the love that Mrs. Basil had ever felt for her feminine offspring had been concentrated on a sister, three years the junior of Gertrude, who inherited so completely the features of the maternal ancestry—was a Dunoon in complexion, growth, high cheek-bones included—that, while she lived, little True had been quite cast into the shade. But the mother's idol was broken, while as yet unblemished by the influence of favouritism. A baby boy, the third son, came soon after to soothe the mother; and as this, the youngest, was now seven years old, Gertrude had a certain consideration, as the only daughter of the family, none but her mother retaining any unpleasant recollections in connection with the child. It was not likely Mrs. Basil Austwick could entirely forget that the autumn which first gave little Gertrude to her arms had been a time of such danger to her own health that she had been obliged, by her physician's advice, to resort to a

milder climate, and had wintered in Madeira, taking her eldest boy with her, and leaving her baby, Gertrude, in the charge of an old and valued Scottish nurse—a circumstance to which some observers, and it may be the child herself, attributed a certain kind of indefinite coldness felt, rather than outwardly shown, between daughter and mother. Nothing would have shocked Gertrude more than any comment on this coldness—she shut out the thought from her mind; but the very effort that she made, when at home for the holidays, to win her mother's approval, and the long, enthusiastic letters she wrote when away from them, differed from the sweet, unconscious trust of undoubting filial love.

On the same October evening that Mr. Hope was pondering the future with apprehension for others more than himself, the echoes of Austwick Chace were resounding to the measured tread of a man carrying a pack. He was a thin, bronzed, elderly man, with what is commonly called a "wizened face." His scanty, ash-coloured hair, flecked with grey, that blew about freely, was the only thing that looked free about that countenance, for his features were all pinched together, as if to economise space; and the puckered skin round his mouth and eyes, which drew them up to the smallest compass, seemed meant to impose caution in the one case, and to increase keenness in the other; though, as the small, peering eyes were as restless as they were furtive, and the man had a habit of passing the back of his hand across his lips when he was speaking, it was not easy to get a view of these features. The voice, like the man's skin, was dry and hard; and from his brown leggings and rusty fustian garb to the summit of his wrinkled forehead, the words that best indicated his look were those by which he was often called, "Old Lenthery."

As this personage came down the wooded glade that led to the open Chace, he saw before him two ladies—the elder sauntering leisurely, the younger flitting about among the heathery knolls, and, making little runs and circuits, tripping back again, with head aside like a bird. The man stepped behind a large tree, put down his pack, and laying the back of one hand across his screwed-up mouth, arched the other over his sharp eyes, and scanned them unobserved. He lingered awhile as the ladies, whom our readers recognise for Miss Austwick and little True, quickened their pace homeward. They walked so completely along the setting sunbeams' track, that he could trace their figures darkly flecking the brightness until they entered the grounds of the Hall; and then, shouldering his pack, he started off at a quick pace by a short cut, and went to the back entrance round by the stables, and thence across a yard to the door of the servants' hall.

A believer in the Eastern superstition of the Evil Eye, might have been pardoned for a feeling of fear, if he had seen this man's stealthy approach, his wily glance all around, and then the gathering up of his puckered visage into an obsequious leer, as he softly lifted the latch. What but evil could such a visitor bring?

(To be continued).

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

IN a former impression we reviewed the temperance tale which carried the first prize of the two offered by the "Scottish Temperance League." We have now space to notice the one that gained the second prize, which is no less worthy of mention than its principal.

The second prize tale* is, of course, somewhat inferior to the former; nevertheless it is worthy of name and favour. There are, indeed, some good points in this story that we fail to find in the other. Our author keeps clear of the ordinary track of temperance tales, and in place of those set dialogues that delight few and disgust many, gives his readers an abundance of interesting incident, all bearing more or less, it is true, upon the main point, but so artistically worked as to charm the favourable and disarm the prejudiced. We close our notice with a characteristic paragraph, descriptive of the return home from the Crimea of the heir of Dunvarlich:

The arrival of the train, and the apparition of Fobbles' head at one of the windows, indicating that the captain had come, was the signal for a loud and prolonged cheer. The appearance of Gilbert himself, when he stepped out upon the platform, with his arm in a sling, called forth a fresh burst of enthusiasm, and cries of "Three cheers for Captain Macdonald—hurrah!"—"Balaclava!"—"The Light Brigade!"—"Again!" elicited cheer after cheer, as Gilbert, who was quite unprepared for such a demonstration, made his way to the carriage, passing a cordial word with each of the friends who had passed to the front to grasp his hand as he passed. The old baronet heard the cheers, and a flush of pride came into his face. Bending forward in the carriage, with his shade over his eyes, he could not at first distinguish his son; but when Gilbert reached the carriage door, the old man grasped his hand—the left hand, the only one Gilbert could now give—and wringing it with unspeakable joy and pride, he said, in a broken voice, "Welcome home, my brave boy—welcome home! God bless you!"

An important and valuable addition has been made to our theological literature by the publication of Dr. Morgan's work on the Holy Spirit.† The author enters into a minute and elaborate investigation of all that we can learn of the nature and operations of the Holy Spirit in the Old and New Testaments. This volume has that happy combination of logic and eloquence which is so rarely to be found in theological works.

On reading on the back of a handsomely-bound and toned-paper printed volume of poems‡ the title, "A Quarter of a Century," we looked to find that title, or something bearing reference to it, in the contents, but in vain; until, turning to the dedication, we find that the volume is inscribed to a friend whom the writer has known twenty-five years! Thus much for the title; and now to the contents. What opinion one may form of Mr.

Fricker's poetry depends, to a great extent, on what piece he may first read. The writer's efforts are very unequal. A few of the poems are tolerably good, but the majority are of doubtful quality. Mr. Fricker spoils many poems in his regardless use, or, we should rather say, abuse, of the commonest English. For instance, a ship is launched on a promising voyage,

"But fortune's frown had order'd ether,
For, stealing in her wake, there pass'd
A schooner from the shore, to smother!
A shadow that haunted but to blast."

Mr. Fricker must have been in woeful want of a rhyme to "other," or, we will do him the credit to believe, he would never have introduced the breath-stopping process. All this would lead one to think Mr. Fricker incapable of any good thing. But there are a few pretty touches here and there, and many good ideas murdered by bad expression. We would advise Mr. Fricker in future to get up his verse as carefully as Mr. Effingham Wilson has got up the volume, which presents a most imposing appearance.

We are truly glad to welcome a new volume of poems from our postman-poet.* His ballads and songs have now become universally popular, alike charming the ears and reaching the hearts of the rich and the poor. We would, however, advise Mr. Capern to be his own type and pattern, and leave those to follow Tennyson, Kingsley, or Hogg, who have no individuality of their own. Let him be true to his own text, as laid down in the following verse, and he will do well and wisely:—

"True to my instinct, both in woe and mirth,
I've followed Nature, learning her sweet art—
Finding more sweets than bitters on the earth,
And made the fancy handmaid of the heart."

A portion of the present volume is entitled "Willow Leaves," being poems referring to, or composed especially upon, the death of a dearly-loved child. Our poet has felt "the thorn that stirs the sweetest note from out the breast of nightingale," and to this we owe some of the best poems in the volume. That one of the "Weeping Robin" particularly took our fancy. In conclusion, we think that many of these "Wayside Warbles," will increase the popularity of the sweet singer of Devon.

An attractive little book is now before us, on the every-day life of children in India, made into a pleasing tale for the young, who, we have no doubt, will read it with delight;† and another interesting volume that all will peruse with pleasure, inculcating, by means of an allegorical tale, the grand principle of sharing alike with others the joys, toils, and troubles of life‡. Both volumes are tastefully got up.

* "Wayside Warbles." By Edward Capern, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

† "Childhood in India; or, English Children in the East. A Narrative for the Young, Founded on Fact." London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

‡ "Share and Share Alike; or, The Great Principle." By Mrs. Ellis, Author of "The Women of England," &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

* "Dunvarlich; or, Round About the Bush." By David MacRae, Author of "George Harrington," &c. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League. London: Houlston and Wright, and W. Tweedie.

† "The Scripture Testimony to the Holy Spirit." By James Morgan, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

‡ "A Quarter of a Century." By H. W. Fricker. London: Effingham Wilson.